Every Woman is reading "EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY."

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 462 | SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

40781

For meaning of this No. see Page 31.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Guaranteed Circulation over One Million Copies Weekly.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See Page 22.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 22, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 22, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 22.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death t—

Name.....*Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out i "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, April 14, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, April 15.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC."

The Meal for "shy" feeding Dogs. A recognised body-builder for all breeds of Dogs, both large and small.

Booklet and Sample sent free by The Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, England.

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

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FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, April 24.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford	v.	Manchester City
			Oldham A.	v.	Liverpool
			Notts County	v.	Newcastle United
			Sheffield W.	v.	Burnley
			W. Bromwich A.	v.	Bradford City
			Stockport C.	v.	Wolverhampton W.
			Leeds City	v.	Barnsley
			Arsenal	v.	Notts Forest
			Derby County	v.	Preston N.E.
			Lincoln City	v.	Bury
			Birmingham	v.	Bristol City
			Grimsby T.	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Portsmouth	v.	Croydon C.
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Crystal Palace
			Millwall A.	v.	Southend U.
			Bristol Rovers	v.	Swindon
			Reading	v.	Luton T.
			Southampton	v.	Exeter City
			Northampton	v.	Cardiff City
			Watford	v.	Brighton & Hove

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

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Address .....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rules for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest No. 21, and send to reach us not later than Friday, April 23rd.

3. The sum of £1,500 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on April 24th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,500 nor the £250 being won, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie in this Competition, the £1,500, the £250, or the £100 will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FRIDAY, APRIL 23rd.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Bradford v. Manchester City				Birmingham v. Bristol City
			Oldham A. v. Liverpool				Grimsby T. v. Huddersfield T.
			Notts County v. Newcastle U.				Portsmouth v. Croydon C.
			Sheffield W. v. Burnley				Queen's Park R. v. Crystal P.
			W. Bromwich A. v. Bradford City				Millwall A. v. Southend U.
			Stockport C. v. Wolverhampton W.				Bristol R. v. Swindon
			Leeds City v. Barnsley				Reading v. Luton T.
			Arsenal v. Notts Forest				Southampton v. Exeter City
			Derby County v. Preston N.E.				Northampton v. Cardiff City
			Lincoln City v. Bury				Watford v. Brighton & Hove

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 462. Week ending Saturday, April 10th, 1915. One Penny.

No. 3 NOW . . . . OUT

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY.

The ideal paper for *every* woman.

EVERY TUESDAY 1d.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters. All communications should be addressed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for April 3rd, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 186,112.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Party Truce.

Last autumn we commented on the fact that, despite the alleged Truce of Party, the various Registration Agents were in full fight, doing their best to keep off the Register everyone who was not of the approved "colour." And now we hear that preparations are being made for a similar indecency this year—when thousands of men at the Front may easily be deprived of their votes. We call upon the respective Party Headquarters to stop this contemplated outrage upon the public conscience.

The "Head" and the Measles.

Dr. Lyttelton's recent suggestion that we should take pains to persuade the Germans to leave off hating us and take us to their bosom instead, may have had a pathological origin. The germs of German measles are afloat in the air at Eton. Dr. Lyttelton probably swallowed one, but being rather over the measles age he did not succumb to its attack in the normal way. Presumably, finding its way to the weakest spot, it settled on the doctor's brain. Sly little beggars, these German measles!

Awkwardly Put.

Passing the shop of an electrical engineer in West London the other day, we noticed this announcement in the window: "Owing to the recent fire on these premises, business will be carried on as usual." We wonder what the Insurance Company will say!

Easter Excursions.

We are not quite satisfied that the suspension of Easter Excursion facilities by the various railway companies was prompted solely by a patriotic desire to speed up the engineering work of the country. Are not the companies, under the arrangements with the Government, to be paid a sum equivalent to their revenue before the war? And will not the suspension of holiday fares save them much trouble?

Derby Sweeps.

We must warn our readers against a variety of bogus Derby sweepstakes now being engineered from the Continent. The only genuine ones of which we know are those promoted by Patrick O'Brien, of Lucerne, the Bouveret Turf Club, and our contemporary the *London Mail*. Messrs. Smallman and Terry, of Geneva, are suspending their business during the war.

"The King and the Kaiser."

Again we call attention to the fact that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince are still members of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and that their banners "decorate" St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We once more call upon the King's ministers to tender him the necessary "advice."

Other Alien Nobles.

By-the-by, we have been looking through *Burke*, and find that scores of alien enemies figure as members of different Orders of Knighthood. For instance, the following are Honorary Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath:—The Archduke Frederick of Austria (Duke of Teschen); Ernest, Grand Duke of Hesse; Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse; The Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; Prince Albert William of Prussia; Prince Philippe of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Bernard Frederick, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen; and the Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont. Of the Victorian Order, apparently half the Teuton aristocracy are members, including the Emperor of Austria, the Duke of Brunswick, the German Emperor, and the Crown Prince, the Duke of Hesse, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; whilst the list of ordinary members looks like a page from the Directory of the West-end of Berlin. And what about Sir Roger Casement, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George?

Our Football Final—£1,500. See our Last-of-the-Season contest. Page 28.

Pernicious Pacifists.

The reverend Headmaster of Eton is not the only pernicious pacifist who is at large just now; there are others, and as time goes on, as Germhuny gets her knees nearer and nearer the dust, others will bob up—for they are only waiting, as a body already organised, to crown a righteous war with a ridiculous peace. Canon Simpson, of St. Paul's, exhorts us to love our enemies; in this case we are convinced God will forgive us for damning them. "We must make an effort," said Canon Simpson, "to love Germany as God loves us. Rarely in this imperfect world would punishment stop short of the pound of flesh, nor could one country crush another, however righteous its cause, without inflicting what it is difficult to describe otherwise than as horrible wrongs." Supposing Germhuny was in the way of winning this war, should we find the Germhun parsons jumping into their pulpits to pray Germhuns not to inflict the British with the horrible wrong of crushing them? We think not. Be assured that, as Prussia treated France in 1870, so Germhuny as victor would treat Britain to-day. She commenced this war on the side of Hell; she continues it on the side of Hell; and the man, parson or other, who thinks that if she were victorious she would end it on the side of Christianity, is either a—well, he is sadly mistaken, anyhow. Canon Simpson may take it that it is Hell for us if she wins; when we win it will, because it must, be our business to make it hot for her. To what extent depends, no doubt, on the current price of coals.

A Promising Move.

These are hard times and we have no wish to be captious, but a recent decision of the Doncaster Town Council leaves us a little short of breath. It seems that these worthy elders of the flock recently met behind closed doors and darkened windows and there and then proceeded to vote themselves free passes upon the Corporation tramways. Whether the boon in question is to be confined to their own proper persons or to extend to their children to the third and fourth generation, their wives, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, we are unable to say, but we gather that upon this and other points local speculation is actively exercised, with comments which are frank and free. However, all doubts upon these matters will possibly be set at rest when, in the fullness of time, the secret decision of the Council is reported in public session, which formality we believe to be shortly due. Meanwhile, the project is fraught with rich potentialities. The civic fathers of Doncaster may yet live to enjoy free feasts and die to receive free funerals. There's nothing like cheek.

"Can" Catchers Caught.

We are glad to see that the authorities have seriously awakened to the necessity for dealing with those pests, the mock auctioneers, against whose machinations all over London we have so often protested. Having laid a group of them by the heels in Whitechapel, the police appointed counsel to prosecute them, and now these particular "can" catchers will live behind iron bars, and experience what work is for from twelve to twenty months. There are other groups at the game even in our principal streets, and we trust the authorities will not rest from their labours yet.

Turkey's Raid on Egypt.

Turkey's last raid on the Suez with a majestic force of 1,000 men must have been organised with the object of ascertaining whether Tommy Atkins can stand tickling. Of course Tommy does not mind at all. Raids of this kind are like a flea on a dog; they make him just sufficiently busy to keep him out of mischief.

Policemen in Khaki.

In khaki, not to defend their native land, but to trap and deceive their loyal fellow citizens, and perhaps we must add, to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law. The tale was told at the Bournemouth Borough Police Court, where the Steward of the Winton Mechanics' Club and Institute was charged with selling drink to soldiers who were not members of the club. The man's defence seems to have been a thoroughly sound one. Thousands of soldiers are billeted in Bournemouth just now, and by the courtesy of the Committee 70 or 80 of them have been admitted to temporary membership of the Winton Club. When two police officers, rigged out in khaki, visited the premises and called for liquor the steward took it for granted that they had become entitled in this way to the amenities of the institution. We see no reason to disbelieve this version of the affair, more especially as there was no evidence of any other improper sale. In these circumstances, a nominal penalty would have met the justice of the case, and the fine of £20 and costs imposed by the Bournemouth Bench was grossly excessive. This harsh penalty was aggravated by a further fine of £10 and costs upon the wife of the principal defendant, who had assisted him in the bar. So is "justice" dispensed in the sunny south.

The Unmarried "Wife."

Apropos of our efforts to secure justice for the unmarried "wives" of soldiers, we have received an interesting letter from the lady who acts as Honorary Secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union. The writer forcefully insists that these irregular unions which so shock the susceptibilities of many respectable folk "are frequently the result of the present system of separation without the power to remarry," and she wonders if it ever occurs to these moral censors "to inquire into the causes of the things they condemn." This view of the matter is one which will repay careful consideration. In the existing state of the law, irregular cohabitation by no means implies general profligacy, and it is monstrous that men and women linked in free union should be treated as moral lepers. The problem is far wider than the immediate occasion of its discussion, and we congratulate the Divorce Law Reform Union upon its vigorous efforts in a cause which commands our active sympathy.

Hoch! Hoch! Herr Hein!

In Germany our men are "swine." Our Tommies are *schwein hunds*. Here we treat our enemies with Lytteltonian liberality. It rejoices our Pro-German heart to read that the Higher Education Committee of the Aberdeen School Board has been notified of the Award by the Scottish Education Department of a retiring allowance to Herr Hein, lately teacher of German at the local High School. The allowance is at the rate of £105 18s. 4d. per annum, payable from 1st November last. Herr Hein may be a professor of exceptional ability. He may have grafted the finest of German on to the best Aberdeen granite, but, at a time when our poor fellows in Germany are addressed as swine, and treated as such, we think the Scottish Education Department is sadly in need of education as to the true position of things. Should we honour Hein? Nein!

"The English Bernhardt."

By the death of Mrs. Bernard Beere, British theatrical art has lost one to whom no higher tribute could have been paid than that she was "the English Bernhardt." A woman of remarkable personality and great intellectual powers, it is to be regretted that for so many years before her death she was compelled by ill-health to relinquish her work.

£300 for the best "Bullet"—3,000 other prizes, total value £1,200.

What is the Reason?

We are led to believe that the country wants men—indeed, shrieking posters on every wall tell us so; but there is a feeling—it is no use disguising the fact—among men already enlisted, troops fit for any fight, hard as nails and trained to the ounce, that they are not very badly wanted, or they would have been sent to the front long ago. These troops, strangely enough, are fully equipped, at any rate as far as the individual soldier understands matters. They are simply straining at the leash, and straining hard, utterly unable to understand why, if men are wanted imperatively *now*, they are not being sent out. There is a certain battalion in barracks, not far away, which has been forming fours and things on the parade ground for the last seven months, and it looks as if they would be forming fours at the sound of the last trump. Why it is we do not know, but there it is; and if without imperilling the tactical operations of Generals French or Joffre, or without giving information of value to the enemy, the War Office can tell us why it is, our gratitude shall be effusive. They cannot be waiting until the war is over; it is improbable they are waiting till the clouds roll by; can it be they are waiting for something to fire with or an extra pair of boots?

Fattening the Fighter.

To be efficient as a soldier, who may have to double or run for miles, you must not be too fat. Here is a householder on whom are billeted two soldiers. He says that for eleven days no officer had visited the billets, as they should do according to regulations. Nor, by the way, has he received any pay for billeting. On no single day was he given from the Army stores more than 1 lb. 8 oz. of meat, including bone, for the two men, whilst on one occasion the day's ration sent was 1 lb. 2 oz. of mutton, of which 6 oz. was bone, leaving 10 oz. of meat for the hungry chaps, who probably ate the bone to fill up the crevices. For breakfast on another day the two fighting men had one kipper between them. This state of affairs is the more amazing, as a return is sent to the War Office showing that every man in our vast force has had his regulation share of foodstuffs served out to him, and it is paid for accordingly. After the war, many men now in uniform with N.C.O. badges will be purchasing public houses.

Mote and Beam.

Fanned by the breezes of war, the Business Government idea is spreading like wild-fire. This time it is Mr. J. P. Houfton, of the Mansfield Railway Company, who declares that for the proper adjustment of outstanding problems "the Government wants a committee of business men." Mr. Houfton is interested in the question of coal prices, and he suggests that if the price of fuel is to be kept within bounds, the owners must be required to suspend the exportation of coal to neutral countries. "If it is proved," says our worthy mentor, "that coal is urgently required for Government purposes, it is folly to be sending it to South America, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, and other countries, and yet have a coal famine at home." This certainly sounds reasonable, and we trust that the shareholders of the Mansfield Railway Company are duly impressed by the perspicacity of their gifted Chairman and by his laudable zeal for cheap fuel. But what about railway freights?

A Hint and an Offer.

One of the deputies for Paris, M. Lajarige, announces that he will ask the Government to authorise and help in the organisation of a grand national lottery in aid of the orphans made by the war. Our experience is entirely at the disposal of our Ministers if they desire to follow so excellent an example.

The Colonel's Curses.

Like a great many other Germhun officers, Lieut.-Colonel Kaden, stationed at Lille, cannot keep his hair on. As we read his article on the Accursed English in the *Lille War Gazette*, we can almost see him gnashing his teeth and hissing his hate as he jabs his pen into the gall pot, and then finishes his tirade by kicking the cat. He calls upon "every German, man or woman, young or old," to proclaim and teach unquenchable hate of Britain, which he curses like a fury. "You guardians of the truth," he screams, "feed this sacred hate. Hate, hate, the accursed English. Hate!" This and other exhibitions have induced the belief in us that the chief trouble with the Germhuns is that they suffer from too much liver and too little humour. The excess of liver may be accounted for by a diet of sauerkraut and sausage; the lack of humour may be explained by the excess of liver, so that if they were to try parritch and haggis they might eventually hope to become one of the most humorous nations south of the Tweed. Indeed, they might even become funny enough to realise that curses, like young chickens, usually come home to roost.

The Submarine Menace.

A ship's surgeon writes to inform us that Germhun submarines have been "putting in some fine work" quite close to the Liverpool Docks. He fears that "one fine afternoon" a big liner will be torpedoed somewhere around the estuary of the Mersey. The stricken vessel will "settle down on to the bottom and in so doing will effectually close up the channel and thus put Liverpool out of commission as a port." In these circumstances, we are not surprised to learn that the shipping fraternity are "swearing freely." The whole trouble seems to arise from the pilotage requirements of the Liverpool Dock authorities. When nearing the harbour large vessels are bound to knock off speed while taking on a pilot and they then afford an easy target to the lurking submarine. Our correspondent propounds more than one solution of this difficulty, and suggests that the ugly peril might be quite easily averted but for the "red tapeism" of the Dock authorities. What have they to say?

Teetotal Obfuscation.

Relying on the shortness of the public memory—or, if not that, then upon public ignorance—pumpuritans in the press and on the platform are persistently exhibiting France and Russia, our allies, as setting us an example in prohibition. What the Russians have done is to prohibit *vodka*, a vicious spirit, and *vodka* alone. What France has done is to prohibit *absinthe*, a more vicious spirit than vodka; but beers, cognac, whisky, and other spirits are still sold in France, and one-third of a litre of wine is part of the daily rations of the French soldiery. "Germany," says the wild pumpuritan advertisement in the morning papers, "stole a march on us by forbidding the sale of intoxicants to her sailors"; and yet her Clown Prince and commanders and soldiers loot chateaux and wine caves in order to get 'em. Opinions may differ; but we may as well get the facts right.

Uncheckable Collecting Cards.

We are informed that, in consequence of our criticism, no more collecting cards for the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund are to be distributed in the street. This prompt action on the part of the Hon. Secretaries is only what would have been expected from gentlemen of their position, but we are surprised that the undesirability of this method did not occur to them before it was put into practice.

What "Charlie" Beresford thinks of Women. See this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

Sunday Mary.

It is much to be feared that Mary Davies, of Skewen, charged before the Neath County Justices with Sunday trading, did not do herself any good when she told P.C. Price "that he ought to be at the Front instead of skulking at home watching shops on Sunday." Mary does not perceive that dooty is dooty. It is the duty of some men to fight for their country on Sundays, and of others to watch shops on Sundays in order to keep green the memory of that "merrie monarch, scandalous and poor," Charles II., in whose reign the Sunday trading statute was passed. One of the blessed rules of life is always to be kind to a policeman. "There is plenty of room in Swansea prison to accommodate you," exclaimed Superintendent Ben Davies to Mary; "if you had kept a civil tongue you might not have been here." A worm will turn, to say nothing of a policeman; even so, the Superintendent should learn to keep his hair on, especially in Court. Mulcted in five shillings, Mary said she would never pay. In that case she will certainly have to go to Swansea, and peradventure will never come out again. She had much better pay up and shut up, regularly every Sunday; that is to say, she should open her shop, shut her mouth, and pay the maximum mulct according to the statute of the blessed Charles. Thus will she seek peace and pursue it; peace for herself on earth, if not goodwill to policemen.

Honouring the Huns.

The Quorn Hounds recently met at Donington Park, close to the Germhun encampment. We have seen a report to the effect that the Master, Captain F. Forester, took the hounds close to the barbed wire entanglements for the edification of the imprisoned Huns, and that before moving on to the draw he raised his cap to the Germhun officers, who returned the salute. We think Captain Forester might have been better employed. Politeness is the prerogative of princes, but a little discrimination in its exercise is a very good thing. The Germhun officers, luxuriously imprisoned at Donington Hall, have no more right to the courtesies exchanged between gentlemen than their piratical compatriots, who murder non-combatants on the high seas, have to the honours of war. We can respect an honourable enemy, and should not hesitate to salute him. But before we would raise our hat to the fiendish Huns who have made a hell of Belgium, we would eat it.

A Word for the Charwoman.

The charwomen employed at the Admiralty are widows of non-commissioned officers and men of the Navy, and many of them have sons in the fighting line. Now these good old people have a grievance which has already been brought to the notice of the Assistant-Secretary to the Admiralty, without any good result. The complaint is that since the outbreak of war they are compelled to do, in addition to their own work, that of several men who have been transferred to other jobs. The old women are feeling the strain, and if they are not relieved of this extra work some of them will soon break down. Now, Mr. Murray! There are plenty of sailors' widows who want employment, and would be thankful for a few extra shillings weekly.

Berlin Official.

"In the Vosges yesterday evening the French captured the top of the Hartmannsweilerkopf," admits the Germhun official communiqué; "our troops are in possession of the slopes beyond." As the County Council navvy digging a trench in the middle of the street remarked, in an interval of strenuous rest, to the unmartial youth watching him over the top of the defences, "Knew they'd have ter own up; it won't be long afore they're sloping over the bloomin' Rhine."

Dutch Ships in London.

Having regard to information received, we begin to wonder whether sufficient precaution is taken with respect to the crews manning Dutch ships entering the Port of London and other British ports and subsequently trading back to Holland. It appears that, though many of them are Germhuns or pro-Germhuns, they are allowed to move freely about our docks to gather any information which may be beneficial to our enemies. What is to prevent them, on their arrival in Holland, retailing their information to Germhun agents, or even crossing the frontier and communicating to the Kaiser's Master Spy all they have gleaned? "In the port of Immingham," an Old Subscriber tells us, "the Germhun master of a Dutch ship was found taking photographs of the harbour through one of the ship's portholes." We have no personal knowledge of the fact alleged, but if it be true it gives us furiously to think.

An Unhappy Choice.

Loyal Britishers in South Africa have learned with dismay that an important military command in connection with the Union Defence Force is held by an officer of German birth. This gentleman is doubtless a "naturalised" British subject, but South Africa has had close experience of German perfidy, and the plighted faith of the Teuton is thus apt to be esteemed at somewhat less than its face value. Whatever the virtues of this particular exile from the Fatherland, the loyal population of the Dominion cannot be expected to take kindly to military orders signed with a Hunnish cognomen. There are plenty of sound British patriots in South Africa well fitted for the higher military posts, and we urge the Defence Department to be a little more careful in the distribution of his Majesty's commissions.

Where's that Rope?

Having placed Germhun submarine prisoners in a category of their own, depriving them of the "honours of war," the Government apparently hold that the demands of an unexampled situation have been completely satisfied. We are unable to subscribe to this view, and we see no reason to withdraw our demand for exemplary penalties. Piracy and murder are crimes by the common law of England, and as long as the British standard flies they should be punished as such. The plea that the pirates acted in obedience to superior orders and cannot therefore be fixed with responsibility is morally untenable and legally unsound. If British soldiers or sailors were accused of criminal excess "in the execution of their duty," no such line of defence would be open to them. Why twist the law to save the Huns?

An Impertinent Intimation.

We are credibly informed by a public entertainer, just returned to this country from the United States, that most of the theatrical agencies and artistes' clubs over there have the following notice prominently displayed:

Your King and Country need you—we don't.

Quite Yankee, you know!

Our Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund.

As will be seen from the list published on another page, there has been a gratifying response to our appeal for funds to provide parcels of comforts for our soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. Any amount, however large or small, will be welcome, and every farthing goes in the direct purchase of parcels. In addition to the amounts received for the provision of parcels for friendless "Tommies" or "Jacks," many relatives of our men at the front and on the high seas have availed themselves of this unique opportunity of furnishing them with the precise articles they require. Full particulars of the scheme will be found on page 18.

Send your Soldier or Sailor Friend a "John Bull" pen. Coupon on page ii of cover.

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

The people of the United Kingdom are willing to make any necessary sacrifices to win this war. What they will not do is to be fined, taxed, regulated and bullied by bureaucrats and lawyers, not because it is necessary to beat the Huns, but because the political prospects of the lawyer despots, with their pro-German pacifist supporters, will be improved.

Wanted, Business Methods.

It is not difficult to express the real feeling of the country about the want of Business methods adopted by the Government in reference to the sale of intoxicants. In the neighbourhood of camps, in industrial areas where munitions are manufactured, and in other selected areas where national efficiency is impaired by the sale and consumption of bad new liquor—no man was ever injured by good liquor in moderation—the common-sense plan would have been to have forbidden the sale of intoxicants within those areas, not in the ninth month of the war, but in the first month of the war. The essence of Business capacity, whether expressed in terms of war, of chandising, of diplomacy, or of administration, is decisive foresight. The Duke of Wellington said much the same thing when he described the successful general as he who saw most clearly what was taking place the other side of the hill.

Why Conscription May Be Necessary.

The present Government is so bent on clinging to Party shibboleth and sentiment that it fails not in one department but in many. But both Parties are unbusinesslike. The failure of the dye scheme is an index to the causes of other failures both past and prospective. A scientific anticipation of what was going to happen about recruiting, after the morning of August 4th last, would have told our rulers that we must do one of two things—either we must trust to the voluntary system in order to obtain recruits, or we must adopt the compulsory system. In these columns I advocate neither, though I do think that in consequence of the policy of "wait and see," and the use of a shibboleth, compulsion has now become necessary.

An Equitable Scheme.

On August 4th last, any good man of business giving his whole mind to the question of recruits must have seen at a glance that for a voluntary army, enlisted after the war, to include 75 per cent. of married recruits and only 25 per cent. of bachelors was not good Business. The old Militia ballot could have been revived, if indeed it is dead—a point about which the lawyers differ. Lawyers' differences are gold mines to lawyers. Had the Militia ballot been revived and rebaptized by some up-to-date catch-title, Business men would have arranged that the nation should be graded into military classes; the first to be called up under a Business system would have been the younger unmarried men who had not yet taken hold of life's responsibilities with a grip that would be hard to relax. The second class would have been chosen from young men with less freedom and greater responsibility. Volunteers from the married men might then have been accepted. Of the hugger-mugger, competitive and slipshod methods of recruiting which for Party political reasons have commended themselves to his Majesty's Government, the less said the better.

The Belated Blockade.

Drink, the aniline dye system, and conscription for the enlistment of an adequate army are not the only examples of need for a drastic change in the management of national Business. The blockade of Germany was delayed for fateful months while the doctrinaires and the pacifists monkeyed with the machinery of sea-power. The laxity with which the alien enemy peril has been treated is another case of the triumph of party shibboleth over Business capacity. The "right of asylum" is not applicable to Germans.

Lawyers *versus* Business Men.

The political Press Bureau is the crowning triumph of the lawyer-politician who thinks himself to be without responsibility as though he were instructed by a solicitor who provides the affidavits, the statements of fact, and the brief. Business is not law, and law is not Business. The function of the lawyer is to say how things should be done subject to his employer's policy and instructions. The function of the Business man is a far bigger proposition. It is he, not the lawyer, who should determine what shall be done. It is for him to instruct his lawyer to carry out his will in such words as are right. But our lawyers instruct us as to policy, instead of our telling them to do as they are told and to mind their own Business.

The Trusty Three.

I happen to be trustee under a certain will. A grossly improper course was suggested in dealing with a certain piece of property. I was informed by my lawyer that I should be quite safe if I accepted the advice of a certain barrister. I invited my advisor to mind his own Business. It was for me to determine the policy, not the lawyer. As I was responsible for safeguarding the estate, the question of my personal safety was a secondary consideration. His Majesty's Government are responsible for safeguarding the national estate. They wobble; they differ; they wait and see; they put the country in blinkers. They are still absorbed in the Party game—with the exception of the War Office, the Admiralty and the Exchequer. Lord Kitchener, Mr. Churchill, the Sea Lords, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being human beings, are fallible, but no one can watch closely the work of those three departments without seeing that the heads (though two of them are not men of Business) wish to do the right thing in a Business way. It is said at the Admiralty that when Winston Churchill is away for a day, the Department feels the difference from top to bottom.

Perils of Premature Peace.

The country is in great danger. Peace may be declared within thirty days or in thirty months, but peace declared before the Huns are beaten will not stop the building of German submarines. Probably the Kaiser would gladly swop the whole of the German High Seas Fleet interned in the Kiel Canal, which cost the Germans over £200,000,000, for fifty submarines of the modern U type. The submarine menace is increasing. Britain might have ten thousand submarines, but as you cannot fight submarines with submarines, and as Germany has no ships afloat to sink, the attack has the advantage of the defence. In the Dardanelles the prospects are fair, but if British gold does not detach Enver and his gang from his German paymasters, the capture of Constantinople may be a long affair. In any case, a great massacre is inevitable, mainly owing to the absence of Business co-ordination between the Navy and Army. We have lost two battleships. We are kept in the dark, and we are about to begin a second assault under conditions which ought to have prevailed from the first.

Of vital importance to all who have Soldier or Sailor friends. See page 22.

FIGHTER, WORKER—OR CONSCRIPT.

THE BUSINESS METHOD OF DEALING WITH SHIRKERS AND DRINKERS.

Is it conceivable that in the middle (or, as we prefer to think, towards the end) of this great and bloody struggle in which we are engaged for our lives, our liberties, our National and our Imperial prestige and endurance—is it conceivable, we ask, that we should be talking about Labour difficulties, and shortage of output from the works engaged in the manufacture of war material? What, in the name of God, has the Government been doing, and, above all, what has Lord Kitchéner been doing, to allow the Government to be doing, or not do ng it? We harp on the word advisedly—for verily, the verb to do appears to have governed the whole policy of the war to date, so far as the People are concerned. We have all been "done"—if it be true that there is at this stage no effective authority in existence to compel the fullest possible production from every factory and workshop capable of turning out munitions of war. After all, one of the fundamental necessities of the present situation is Work. Men must work even as women must weep, and God knows floods of tears will pour from women's eyes before the war is over. But tears will not win it; neither will talk; and there is not a man, a youth, or a woman in the country to-day who cannot do something to bring the war to a speedy close. It is the commonplace of speech and pen that we cannot all go fighting. Patriotism does not demand that we should. Indeed, there comes a time when even from battle-fields the bugles ring out—not for more men to bear arms, but for more men to make them. That time is now. The willing heart and the tireless hand are, in these tense hours of our destiny, priceless; and never could the British workman stand up among his fellows with a prouder consciousness of the d gnity of labour, or of the honour due to the work of his hands. On the other hand, Capital must also rise to a sense of its responsibility; and just as we should condemn the workman who takes advantage of the country's trial to exploit the capitalist, so do we, with similar emphasis, maintain that it is equally wicked for the employer to seek to make undue profit out of the present crisis. Thus, whilst we shall use no word of censure for the shirker who, from *any* motive, retards the completion of our means of victory in the war, we blame equally the employer who denies his men a fair share of the profits he is mak ng, and regards the present conflict as a special dispensation of Providence for increas ng his bank balance. At the same time, we must not forget that, in spite of all pretence and self-delusion, the chief burden of the struggle is ultimately on the back of Labour. And it is curious that, with all the poets which the war has produced, there is, at present, apparently, none to sing the Song of the British Workman. Assuredly it is a song to be sung, for it is well worth the singing. More and more every day is he coming into his own. More and more are the State, the captains of industry, the leaders of armies, the commanders of fleets, the princes of finance, and the gods and goddesses of aristocracy, realising with each passing day that it is the man who can shoulder a gun, or make one, who will win this war; and, taken on the whole, there is no workman like the British artisan.

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE WORKERS.

Let us, therefore, have another chat with him. Some time ago we pointed out his proper place in the economy of our national life, and we have nothing to withdraw or to qualify in reference to what we then said. To-day, however, circumstances have become more urgent, and we want to have a plain talk with every workman who, for *any* reason, is failing to produce to the uttermost possibilities of his labour. We dispose of the Capitalist, in a sentence, when we say that it is the duty of the Government to see that he does not receive more than a fair percentage for his outlay and risk, and a fair bonus for the facilities which his enterprise has placed at the disposal of the State. And having said that, we come back to the Workman. On the whole, we admit that there is no great cause for complaint, but it must be always remembered that the shirking of ever so small a minority amongst the employees of an establishment may easily have the effect of disorganising the whole of its output and rendering abortive the work of the majority. We address ourselves, therefore, to those men who, for *any* reason, are refusing to put in their full strength on behalf of the country, and we ask them this question:—

If a man were reckless enough to stand up in a public place and say "I hate my country so fiercely that I intend to do all I can to ensure her defeat in this war, and to cause as many of her defenders to be slain by the Huns as possible. I further wish to see the Germans in occupation of the land of my birth, so that our women and children may be subjected to the same outrages and butcheries as those which have been perpetrated in Belgium. It is also my earnest desire that the individual freedom of the Englishman, upon which he has hitherto prided himself, may be for ever trodden under the feet of a Prussian military caste"—what should we say to him? Still more important, what should we *do* to him? In the first place, we should say that even our rich language contained no words which would adequately express our horror and detestation of such an execrable villain, and in default of words we should at once have recourse to action. Death, the most swift and at the same time the most ignominious, would be the only punishment which would meet the case. A wretch so vile would make no appeal to our pity, however much he might yell and shriek in a vain cry for mercy. There are crimes so heinous that mercy

would become injustice. Now, what is the difference between such a criminal as we have pictured, and the callous, lazy, skulking workman who, knowing the sufferings of our wounded, maimed and battered soldiers and sailors, calmly refuses to do the work which lies to his hand and which would, by shortening the duration of the war, save, it may be, hundreds of thousands of lives, and avert untold and almost inconceivable agony from the women and children who will otherwise be rendered homeless and fatherless?

The Remedy.

But assuming that there are British workmen so vilely depraved as to be capable of this infamy, what is the remedy? Under a Business Government, it would be extremely simple. According to the law of England, every man is liable in times of threatened invasion to compulsory military service; and we now throw out a suggestion to Lord Kitchener which we think would end the trouble. Let every firm engaged in the manufacture of war materials furnish him with a daily report, giving the names of any workmen who, for *any* reason (we again emphasise that word) are declining to work to their fullest capacity; and thereupon let a Recruiting Officer be sent down to interview the men in question and intimate that, unless there and then they resume their work and carry it out to the best of their ability, they will be compulsorily added to his Majesty's Forces as military conscripts, put into uniform, placed under Army law, and then ordered to proceed with their work—at *soldiers' pay*—it being at the same time pointed out that, if they fail to turn up to time, they will be treated as deserters, court-martialled, and either shot or sent to prison. This is the only practical method of dealing with the difficulty; and lest we should be suspected of any undue sympathy with the employer, as distinguished from the workman, we would apply a similar rule to the proprietor of every factory and workshop in the kingdom who does not place the whole of his resources, readily and heartily, at the disposal of the State.

The Drink Question.

We are not, at present, deeply convinced that drink is the cause of the trouble. If we were, willingly would we support any measure which the Government might propose to deal with the problem; although under the plan outlined above, it would solve itself. Principles and theories applicable in times of peace, are of no earthly good in times of war; and notwithstanding that we took a prominent part in resisting and defeating the licensing proposals of the Government, we would gladly support them to-day in either total or partial prohibition, if we were convinced that the public-house was an obstacle in the way of the nation's early triumph in the present war. We have noted the various deputations which the Chancellor of the Exchequer—why *he* should be the particular Minister to receive them is a matter we will not stay to discuss—has received, and his promise on behalf of the Government to "carefully consider the evidence bearing upon the subject"; and for the moment we will say no more than that we hope such evidence will be sifted with more success than was that of the German menace prior to the outbreak of the war. To be candid, we are not deeply impressed with the qualifications of a tribunal which tells us that at the time Germany started her onslaught upon the peace of Europe, our relations with her had never been more friendly, and that "there was not a member of the Government who believed war between her and this country to be possible." Nor are we much moved by the offer of the King to become a water-bibber during the continuance of the war, although it reflects the profoundest credit upon his Majesty that he should be ready to share any necessary privations of the situation with the poorest of his subjects. Still, he knows only what his Ministers tell him, and, necessarily, has no means of gathering evidence first hand. But why should we go mad on the subject? Is the moderate drinker, who works all the better for his pint of beer or glass of whisky; is the nursing mother, whose bottle of stout is a source of sustenance and strength; are all the social amenities of life, to be sacrificed because a small section of the working classes are making beasts of themselves? Let us keep our heads. The law of the land is equal to the occasion. *Our* plan will solve the difficulty. And it has the advantage of being free from the taint of panic. Never let it be said that the Germans have frightened us away from our beer. We are not sure that we do not discern the work of the teetotal crank behind the present movement. Was it mere coincidence that, almost side by side with the report of the recent deputation, there appeared a two-column advertisement of the pumpuritans? We do not cast any doubt upon the patriotism of these people, but we are bound to observe that it costs less than the patriotism of others. All the same, let it be demonstrated that the facts are as alleged, and we will support the Government in any steps it may deem necessary—even though it prefers the plan of making men sober by Act of Parliament to that of making them work; of branding the whole working-class population of the nation with a cruel and wicked libel; of forfeiting a fruitful source of revenue; of irritating sober, well-conducted citizens, ruining a large number of our native industries—and of making fools and children of us in the eyes of the world. Our country—right or wrong, and our Government—good or bad, is the motto of the patriot—*till after the War.*

Panic Legislation.

In the meantime, do let us avoid panic legislation. It rarely does any good, and once on the Statute Book has a nasty knack of staying there. We have seen it with whisky, and with sugar, and a score of other things. And what must Germany be thinking of us to-day? We note, with satisfaction, that his Majesty's offer to "take the pledge" is conditional upon such a step being "deemed necessary"; and we respectfully venture to assure him that no such necessity has yet arisen. In any case, with every desire to be loyal and patriotic, we are not giving up our beer.

Gentlemen, the toast is "The King and his Allies!"

A CYNIC IN THE TRENCHES.

By Croham Hurst.

Monday Morning:

Directly I reached the office I guessed there was something up. It did not take me long to find out what it was either. At ten o'clock the manager wanted to see me. It appeared that on account of the war the staff was being thinned out. Just my luck!

The Same Day:

Out crib-hunting; no luck, which is just my luck! Everybody else is also thinning out on account of the war. As a last resource, being pretty well fed up and footsore, I limped into a recruiting office and signed on.

Next Morning:

Thought I would just nip into Donothing, Byhalves and Company's place to say good-bye to the chaps. Manager met me with smiles. Lot of Government orders just in, so no need for me to go after all. Well—of all the luck!

Three Months Later:

Training is pretty beastly! Fellows in my tent rather a mixed lot. Believe me, not one of them knows how to play matador—if you ever heard of such a thing!

Six Months Later:

Wonder where they will send us when the training is finished. Haven't seen so much mud since the fortnight I spent at Southend! I fairly dream of it at night.

You never saw such fellows for borrowing as the chaps in my tent! None of them seems to have anything of his own. One fellow has borrowed my towel, another a pair of socks, and a third has commandeered my spare vest. They seem to think that, because I was in a drapery counting-house, I must have got half the stock in my haversack! The worst of all, however, is that chap Hawksby. He has borrowed half a sovereign!

A Week Later.

In the trenches at last! More mud—oceans of it, likewise shrapnel! Reminds me of the steam laundry next door to my old diggings at Finsbury Park, when they used to throw the tin baths about!

Got a letter from home this morning to say that old Uncle Nicodemus has died suddenly and left me five hundred pounds. Just my luck to be out here! What a time I should be having if I were only at good old Finsbury Park.

Next Day:

Another letter from home. All a mistake about Uncle's legacy. The old duffer used to make wills in his spare time. Got to be quite a hobby with him. Hadn't got five hundred pence to leave, let alone five hundred pounds. What infernal luck! Just as I had mapped out what to do with it. What an unfortunate family we are to be sure!

A Day Later:

More rushes from the Boches. More well-known maxims from us. A bit hotter work this morning though. Shrapnel simply as common as bananas! Worst of it was that Hawkesby, the chap that owes me that half-sovereign, got badly hit in a bit of a charge we had to make. He fell down just about half way between our own and the German lines. I could see my ten shillings being a bad debt unless something was done, so I just nipped back and managed to get him on to my back. One would have thought I was the ambulance waggon the way the enemy began to blaze away at us, as I staggered back with my half sovereign—I mean my wounded comrade! Just managed it all right, but I believe old Hawkesby got a bit knocked about by a goodish few bullets that were meant for me!

A Week Later:

The officers are making rather a fuss about my going out under fire to rescue a wounded comrade, and I am recommended for the V.C. Perhaps they wouldn't have thought quite so much about it if they'd known that it was my ten shillings I was really trying to save!

As a matter of fact, poor old Hawkesby has handed in his checks in spite of all my trouble. So after all I have lost my half sovereign! What luck!!

THE LURE OF THE STAGE.

GRIM STORY OF GIRLS' PANTOMIME TOUR.

The flare of the footlights has a fatal fascination for young girls; it seems such an easy thing to "go on the stage"—with diamonds, big salary, picture postcards, and a lordly husband to follow as a sure and certain sequel. Such is the dream of the stage-struck; the real thing is very, very different, for the life is hard, the pay precarious, and success comes scant and seldom.

The drab side of the picture is strikingly shown in an unvarnished and unadorned journal of a pantomime tour, sent to us by one who was a member of the company. He vouches for the exact truth of every word, and his facts make painful reading. He secured his engagement by answering an advertisement in a theatrical newspaper, and travelled with the company to a city in the North of England, where the pantomime was due for production on Christmas Eve. During rehearsals, they discovered that "something was wrong" between their proprietor and the manager of the theatre. But the opening performance was given, "to a small audience," and the actors spent Christmas Day quietly, wondering anxiously "what the trouble was," and if it would be got over by Boxing Day. Their anxiety was justified, for there was "no show," and they were informed there would be none during the ensuing week. For salary, they were handed two nights' pay, and from the proportion paid to the chorus girls deductions were made for tights and shoes. The wage of these girls was supposed to be, two at twenty-five shillings, some at a pound, and two at fifteen shillings, a week. Now, you cannot buy diamonds on such a salary—even when you get it.

"Telling the Tale."

A week's enforced "rest" ended in no pay, and the performers were advised to get away from their lodgings by "telling the tale"—which means, bilking the landlady as plausibly as possible. The next week's business, at a distant town, was good, and all were paid full salaries, "except the poor chorus girls, who had money stopped for shoes and stockings this time." It was the last glimpse of sunshine; the next Saturday, in Scotland, "we were asked to do with as little as we could," and, the following week, Mr. "Boss" had "great trouble in cashing cheques in Scotland," and "there was only ten pounds to go among thirty people." However, on Monday at another town, the balance of the week's wages was paid, "but no back money," and, on Saturday, all were short again.

A week of full houses raised high hopes, but on pay-day there was only thirty pounds left, which "would not be a pound each." Again they were obliged to "tell the tale," and our informant says his landlady was very kind and generous. Other landladies were not; one girl was turned into the street without her coat and muff, and would have had to "walk about" if another girl had not taken her in.

Insult Added to Injury.

The company was carried to an English town, and "nine of them had a breakfast-dinner of bacon and eggs," but the girls were warned against this extravagance and "told not to live like fighting-cocks"!

At the week's end, only one-third of salaries was paid. "The girls were broken-hearted, and took their all to the landlady, and she (kind soul) reduced their bills until they could pay." On Sunday they stayed in bed, as there was nothing to eat. But—and here a bright ray falls on the sordid scene—a Tommy Atkins happened to call on the landlady and, hearing the news, paid for dinner for the girls and for their next morning's breakfast. All honour to that Tommy!

The following week, a third of salaries was again paid; next week less. A week later the "tour" finished—and the girls, in their distress, were obliged to "state their case to the police." Kindly constables introduced them to a kindly solicitor, "who gave them food, paid for lodgings and breakfast, and also paid their fares to their respective homes."

That solicitor, the Tommy and the policemen, are the only bright spots in a dismal, but truthful, record. Yet, in the face of such treatment, a chorus girl is expected to keep smart, keep smiling, and—keep straight!

What "Charlie" Beresford thinks of Women. See this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

LYTTELTON'S LAMBS.

CHIEFF HUN STILL A MOST NOBLE ENGLISH KNIGHT.

One hundred and thirty innocent, peaceable passengers are asleep in the deep, and a fine Elder-Dempster boat is down on the ocean floor. Boats we can replace; but lives we cannot. The Hun monster rose from below and was seen by those who had set out happily on their voyage, and thought only of the pleasure that would be theirs when they reached "Afric's golden strand." The devil-laden contrivance chased the innocents, and when close up, before those on board could leave the ship, the torpedo was launched. The vessel went down, and 130 men, women and children went to eternity, while the fiends on the submarine laughed and jeered at their struggles, and gave no help. If those fellows are captured one day, we shall intern them, but they will be "deprived of the honours of war"—these cold-blooded murderers of the most cowardly type, this most damnable set of hell-hounds that ever put to sea. Official orders have been given to the pirates to carry out this ghastly work, and as no important military order can be given without the Kaiser's signature, that potentate must now be indelibly and for ever branded, like the others, as a hell-hound and a murderer.

NOBLE IS AS NOBLE DOES.

And yet he is classed among the members of the "Most Noble" Order of the Garter, and his banner is still there in Saint George's Chapel to insult the eyes of all who enter the sacred building! The foul fiend is thus held out as fit companion for our own King and the other noble members of the Order! What says Dr. Lyttelton to *this?* Surely we do not want men of his kidney to shape the minds of the lads who will one day take prominent positions in our State—and may be called upon to take the field on our behalf. He is fit company for Sir Roger Casement, George Bernard Shaw, and others who should be sent off to Berlin with single tickets. Christianity holds the world together in many ways, no doubt; but the pedagogue should remember that we cannot fight the Kaiser with texts.

A SOUTH AFRICAN EXAMPLE.

In fact, the Kaiser claims to know as much about the Bible as Lyttelton does, and, further, he almost makes the claim that he is Christ himself. Knight-Bruce, the little South African Bishop, gave an example of Christianity that is worthy of the consideration of the exalted schoolmaster. In Bloemfontein, a big Boer bully attacked him and smote him on the cheek. He turned the other cheek, and that, too, was smitten. Then the Bishop hung his coat up on a limb of a tree and said, "That's the Bishop, and the Church has obeyed the Biblical injunction. Now, here's Knight-Bruce; come on." He did come on, and got as good a hiding as man ever had. The Boer crawled away with a face like a raw beefsteak, one eye out of action and an arm hanging loosely by his side; and the Bishop went on his way to look after the welfare of souls. Who, after this multiple murder in the Channel, will say that we should treat the Germans as a civilised enemy? On land they have proved themselves to be a low-down, lecherous lot; on sea, with a couple of honourable exceptions, they have shown up as the successors of the mariners whose crest was the skull and cross bones. We have learned our lessons. "The Day" will come, and will probably come soon. Ship will meet ship, and our commanders and admirals must not make the mistake of magnanimity. When a German ship is sinking, there must be no launching of boats to save lives at the risk of the aeroplane's bombs and the German guns. The Huns must be left to drown, although our men will not be so fiendish as to laugh at them as the devilish crew of that submarine laughed at our drowning innocent civilian passengers. Perhaps Dr. Lyttelton will tell us what he would do with this parcel of his pets. Would he pray over them?

Meanwhile, we commend the Government for the firm stand they have made to the demand of the Germhun Government, through the United States, for the honours of war for captured pirates. Their reply was a masterpiece of destructive criticism and unanswerable argument.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO.

A WITHDRAWAL AND APOLOGY.

In our issue of March 27th, we referred to an exhibtion in the window of the *Croydon Advertiser* of certain" spoils of war," including what we described as "a German emergency ration knapsack, containing preserved beef of the Fray Bentos brand; Proprietors: Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., Thames House, London, E.C." Our paragraph was written after one of our representatives had paid a visit to the offices of the Croydon paper, had inspected the tin of preserved meat, and had found it figuring with a number of articles of war interest, many of obvious German origin. We consequently erroneously assumed that that Liebig Co. had been supplying the enemy with its products. We now find, however, that we had been misled as to the knapsack in question, and that, as a matter of fact, so far as this particular article is concerned, it was the property of an English soldier recently returned from the Front. We have, therefore, done the Liebig Company an injustice, for which we unreservedly express our regret, and at the same time tender our unqualified apology, withdrawing any inference to the detriment of the Company and its Directors founded on our misconception of the nature of exhibit in question.

A NERVY NEUTRAL.

INGENIOUS ITALIAN'S INTERESTING INQUIRY.

For cool audacity and unmatched aplomb—combined with an entertaining display of nervous English—commend us to a printed circular which Signor Giovanni Ribezzi, of Viale Indipendeza, 134, Casa Propria, Brindisi, is showering broadcast up and down Hatton Garden. Indebted to a directory for the addresses of dealers in precious stones, he suggests to them that they should engage his services as their sole agent in the District of Lecce, and he submits his proposition in these terms:—

> If you are Kin on getting in treaty with me, please send the price lists of your diamonds & pearls of all the qualities and vveight in single stones not mounted. A fevv samples vvould also be useful to me so I could manage my business more easily.

This statement is self-evident. The Signor continues:—

> Should your prices be convenient, I vvill be able to make many good business vvithout any risk from your part because I have been in this line since long & I am very careful.

So, needless to say, are the Hatton Garden jewellers—his circular having found its way to our offices with the comment "Nothing Doing" written on it. Indeed, the neutrality of Italy in the war is as nothing compared with that of Hatton Gardén towards the blandishments of Signor Giovanni Ribezzi, and we venture to think that his country will be found fighting on the side of the Allies long before he succeeds in inducing British jewellers to become "kin on getting in treaty vvith him," and forwarding "a fevv samples."

ANOTHER WAR SUFFERER'S CLAIM.

"FALABA" VICTIM'S RELATIVES BENEFIT BY OUR SCHEME.

Amongst the claims submitted in connection with our scheme for benefiting the relatives of those soldiers and sailors who lose their lives in the service of the country, is one from the sister of a member of the crew of the *Falaba*. The atrocious act of the Huns has aroused the anger of the world. The fact that the *Falaba* was not actually a war vessel emphasises the wide range of our Benefit Scheme. Ashore or afloat, everyone of your relatives serving King and Country. can come under the easy conditions of our unique offer. No premium whatever is charged—all that is necessary is the mere signing of a coupon, and those who wish to save themselves the repetition of this little exertion weekly, may do so in the manner described on page 22. Everyone who has a relative serving his King and country should avail himself of this free offer.

A simple and wise precaution—fill in our Free War Insurance Coupon *NOW*.